

The History of

theredy lieth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. *Zounds*, I am asfraid of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea and Ile sweare I slew him. Why may not hee rise aswell as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come, brother *John*, full brauely hast thou flesht Thy mayden Sword.

John. But soft, who haue wee heere? Did you not tell mee this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead, Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliu? Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight? I prethee speake, wee will not trust our eyes Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fals. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falsaffe*, then am I a lacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, *Percy* I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fals. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh; if the man were aliu, and would deny it, *Zounds* I would make him eate a piece of my Sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*, Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

Henry the Fourth.

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace, Ile guild it with the happiaft termes I haue.

Arreuate is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours:

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the Field, To see what friends are liuing, who are dead.

Exeunt.

Fal. Ile follow, as they say, for reward: He that rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great, ile grow lesse: for ile purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleancly, as a Nobleman should doe.

Exit.

The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of VVestmerland, with VVorcestre and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus euer did rebellion finde rebuke, Ill-spirited *Worcester*, did not we send grace, Pardon and termes of loue to all of you? And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary, Misuse the tenor of my Kinsmans trust? Three Knights vpon our party slane to day, A noble Earle, and many a creature else, Had beene aliu this houre, If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne Berwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to, And I imbrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be auoyded, it falls on me.

King. Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too: Other offenders we will pause vpon. How goes the Field?

Prince. The noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when he saw The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him, The noble *Percy* slayne and all his men, Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest: And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd, That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent, The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace, I may dispose of him.

King.